COMPLETE NOVEL EACH WEEK IN THE EVENING WORLD

L OF THE MOON

slored hair.
"Clytie, git ma a drink of water."
"Regina, git ma a drink of water."
"Luna, git ma a drink of water."
"Carmencita, git ma a drink of

languidly on the doorstep.
"We're nearly starved, ma," she

said shortly. reckon you be, honey, and I do be back, but I fell in with aimed to be back, but I fell in with kind of a gypsy feller down there at them campers and be tole all our for-

ver mind that now; we'd better Mrs. Blakely sighed resignedly.
"Clytic, git ma an urpernful

"Lune, git ma"—
Edith started for the woodpile before the request reached Undine, but
her mother called her back.

"Wait a minute, honey, till I tell

you about youh fortune."
Edith lingered impatiently.
"That gypsy feller said, Edie, that

pell-mell through the door to swarm over a lank, spiritiess figure in a siat cunbonnet.

"Ma, where you been? I'm hungry!"

"Ma, ain't you ever goin' to git us anything to eat?"

"My lands, don't you children ever aim to give me a minute's peace or reat till I'm daid?"

"You ain't daid yet, ma, and it's past dinner-time!"

Mrs Blakely untied her bonnetstrings and sauntered leisurely toward the house.

"Howdy!" She smiled amiably at Nan and sat down on the doorstep to retwist a small knob of ginger-colored hair.

"Clytic, git ma a drink of water!"

"Regins, git ma a drink of water!"

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"The uproar drowned the jangle of safe, she replied with cold significance.

"I am fortunate to be here—and safe, she replied with cold significance.

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"I stopped"—he addressed Blakely—"to ask if you had decided to accept my offer?"

Bakely returned his gaze steadily, show his head.

"Not yet. There's no good reason why I should make a present of my stock to the LX. Cattle Company."

"It's a fair offer—under the circumstances."

"It

be.
The red-haired baby in his home-

"Carmencita, git ma a drink of water."

The request was passed down the line until it reached Undine, who finally came toddling with the water splashing in a gourd.

Edith's face clouded when she returned from putting the horses away to find her mother fanning herself languidly on the doorstep.

"We're nearly starved ma" the

shall have lasses that a subside sorghum."

The roaring infant did not subside until Edith took a huge glass syrup jug from the cupboard and set it down beside him. Then laying her hand upon her father's shoulder she looked searchingly in his face and

"John Aker's house was blown up set fade behind the distant range.

Fig. 1.

The state of the state

tone was a threat.
"Possibly," Blakely smiled. "When that time comes I'll let you know '
"This is final?"
"Final."

Spiser turned abruptly on his heel and walked away.

CHAPTER W.

A Lesson in Love. AS it only two months since "What's gone wrong to-day, dad? lage of Las Rubertas? Nan was asking herself as she sat in her door- clously.

She shook her head. What's happened?"

He hesitated a moment before re- way, watching the colors of the sunwas wearing gold beads and shim"There will be no love lost," Nan
way, watching the colors of the sunset fade behind the distant range.

It seemed to Nan that it might

selection of the sunthe perspiration came out on his forethe perspiration ca last night."

It seemed to real that it plants in the first silence of astonishment have been two years, or always, that "Were they killed?"

Blakely shook his head.

"They all were gone for the night. Taifa field and listened to the splash she had heard the coyotes barking "More than anybody," he repeated

"Love—I love you"— "More than anybody?"

The Romance of an Eastern Girl's Adventures on the Mexican Border

"You might say that you love me."
He drew back startled.
"Lord! I couldn't say that!"
She took her hand away. "Of course not, if you don't feel it."
"Tain't that," he explained anxiously; "but that's soft. That's talk-in' like a novel."
"Nonsense—say it."
Oh, I can help!" declared Rosario deepest folds.
Nor did she neglect as she recited the broad satin bow on the end over not if you don't feel it."
Ilight, stopping only, now and then, to rub her palm in ecestacy over the form the longest in the hymn book—nine of the longest in the hymn book—nine of the squirmed, and Nan saw him him her moonlish!

"More week in the proposition of the same most expense and doleful—about death and hug herself in a transport of delight.
"More be availabled for the same most expense and doleful—about death and hug herself in a transport of delight.
"It is so be a-u-teeful, senoritation of delight.
"It was a hymn she had learned—the longest in the hymn book—nine of the longest in the longest folds.

Nor did she neglect as she recited deepest folds.
Nor did she neglect as she recited to draw her long braid of har with the longest folds.

Nor did she neglect as she recited to draw her long braid of har with the longest folds.

Nor did she neglect as she recited the longest folds.

Nor did she neglect as

wery best of all?"

"I like you," he said at last, huskily, with an effort.

"Like me? is that all?"

"Good, Rosario? So, the said of the said that all?"

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AS it only two months since she had come to live in the half of the Senor Epiphanio Montejo's long dobe in the Mexican villes Rubertas? Nan was "You won't laugh at me?" suspi-

Rosario, gravely. "They 'fraid, yes; no one else in school could say nine but, too, they hate Americanos."

It was nearly midnight when Ro-ario crept back to her sheepskin, the heavy, upturned faces of the enwhere she lay among the snoring vious parents and friends. But Ro-

The formal bay of homes, but was labeled in the state of the state of

mane. "I like him more than she does— I know I do."

The injustice of life and the seeming futility of combating it fell upon her young shoulders that morning tell your dad I'll keep my eyes open with crushing weight. It was a relief to be alone and to sob her heart out to the unanswering air. She could not make a confidente of her foolish, sentimental mother, nor add to her father's depression by telling him of this new sorrow.

The would send to do a trick or the kind.

"I've got to quit you here"

"I'

entered into her girlish dreams; she knew, why Spiser was "riding head had no romantic notions of a rich on him, but he could not resist the husband and a life of which she was temptation to boast to Edith of his ignorant.

She would have been content to than dimly aware of the stab it gave

have lived over again the life of her her. mother with its poverty and hard-

By Caroline Lockhart

In the soft radiance of the enteropy of the enteropy of the results and feelings, each hairing admission furnishing a fresh hairing admission furnishing a fresh thrill.

"Tit estas mi querida!" Ben looked at her in ecstacy. "You are sweetly out are beautiful! I never saw a girlike you."

"Time to go to bed!" Mrs. Gallagher showed a surprising interest in and knowledge of clothes.

"The to go to bed!" Mrs. Gallagher showed a surprising interest in the dobe came to remind them that the evening had passed.

"You will come again soon?" Nam whispared softly.

"You will come again soon?" Nam whispared softly.

"Soon," he replied.

Nan sat with her chin in her paim whispared softly.

"Soon," he replied.

Nan sat with her chin in her paim in the moonlight. The glamor of the hour and his ardent, if awkward, love making was still upon her, but in the owning was still upon her, but was the same, since she supplied the knowledge of cutting and basting; ances.

"Green with a success the floor and pulled water, was above such small annoy accommonplace, even in her grief was the same, since she supplied the knowledge of cutting and basting; ances.

"Edie," her ungartered stockings in part of the success to the carea the counters, present the same and rider disappears in the moonlight. The glamor of the chool, which Nan lacked.

Rosario ran from school at recess for a final fitting, and at noon she supplied the was the same, since she supplied the same of the success to the store, but Mrs. Blakely, absent was the same particular, with whom she is given to the little Cinders the same of the same of the same of the work of remodelling Nan street into the work of remodelling N

(To Be Continued.)

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